

The Thurl and

the Bpids.



A Roblemes of olde lyknesse and fygure
which proued ben, fructuous of silence
* * And haue auctorities, grounded in scripture
By resemblaunce, of notable aparaunce
with moralities, concludynge on prudence
Lyke as the byble reherseth by wyptynge
How trees somtyme chose them a kynge.

Fynde in theyr choysse, they named Olyue
To rayne amonge them, iudiciū doth expresse
But he hymselfe gan excuse blyue
That they myght nat forsake the fatnesse
Nor the fygge tre, her amorous sweetnes
Nor the vyne tre, his holsome fresche corage
which gyueth comfozte, to all maner of age

And semblable poytes laureate
By darke parables full conuentent
Fayne that byrdes and bestes of estate
As royall Egles, and lyons by assent
Sent out wyttes to holde a paralyment
And made the crye, buzely for to say
Some to haue lordship, and some to obeye.

Egles in the ayre, byst to take theyr flyghe
Power of lyons, on the grounde is sene
Cedre amonge trees, highest in syght
The laurell of nature, is a grene
Of floures all Flora, a goddesse and quene
Thus in all thynges, there ben dyuersities
Churle & byrde. Some

Some of estate, and some of lowe degrees.

Hoytes wypte, wonderfull lyknesse
And vnder couert, kepe them selfe full close
They take beestes, and foules to wytnesse
Of whose sayenges, tables fyrst a rose
And here I cast on my purpose
Out of frenche, a tale to translate
Which in a pamphlete, I saw and redde but late

This tale, which I make mencyon
In grose reherseth playnly to declare
The great prouerbe, payed for the raunson
Of a lptell byrde, taken in a snare
Wonderfull despyous, to escape out of care
Of myn auctoz folowynge the processe
So as it fell, in ordre I shall you expresse

Somtyme there dwelled in a small bylage
As myn auctoz maketh mencyon
A churle, which had lust and corage
Within hym selfe, by dysigent trauayle
To aray his garden, with notable aparayle
Of length and brede, in lyke square and longe
Hedged and dyched, to make it sure and stronge

All the alayes, were mayde playne with sande
The benches covered, with newe turues grene
With the swete yerbes, and condytes at hande
Than willed by agaynst the sonne chynynge

A.ii.

Lyke

Lyke vnto syluer, or any chryſtall clere
The byrbyll watres, in theyr byrbyllinge
Rounde as byrball, theyr beames out ſpynge.

In myddes of the garden, ſode a freſhe laurel
Theron a byrde ſyngynge day and nyght
With ſpynge fethers, bryghter than the golde wyre
Which with her ſonge, made heuy hertes lyght
That her to beholde, it was an heuynly ſyght
How towarde curn, and in the dawaynge
She lye her payne moost amercouſly to ſynge

Esperous enforced her corage
towarde curn, whan phibus went to the weſt
Amonge the braunches, to take her aduantage
To ſynge her complaynte, and than to go to reſt
And at the rſynge of the quene Alceſt
to ſynge agayne, as it were her deu
Early on the morow, the day after to ſalue.

It was a very heuynly melody
Euen and morow to heare the byrdes ſonge
And the ſweete ſugred ceremony
With vncouth warbles and tunes draw alonge
That all the garden, of the noyſe ronge
Till on the morowe, whan tytan dyd wyne clere
the byrde was trapped, and caught in a pantere
The churſe was glad, that he ſ byrde had take
Mery of chere, of loke and byſage
And in all haſt, he caſt ſoz to make

with

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Within his house, a lytell pzetyp cage
And with her songe, to reioyse his corage
till at the last, the cely byrde a bzayde
And soberly to the churle she sayd

I am take and stande vnder daungere
Holden strapte, that I may nat fle
I due my songe, my lusty notes clere
Now haue I losse my lyberte
Now am I thzall, that somtyme was fre
And trust me well, whyle I stande in distresse
I can nat syng, noz make no gladne ster

And though my cage forged were of golde
And the pynacles, of byrall and chyzall
I remembre a prouerbe of olde
Who leseth his fredome he leseth all
For I had leauer, vpon a braunche small
Merely syng, amonge the leaues grene
Than in a cage of syluer byrght and thyne

2.
Sothe and pryson, haue none accordeance
Crowest thou I wyle syng in pryson
Nay, for songe procedeth of toy and plesaunce
And pryson causeth leth and destruction
Redyng of letters maketh no mery sounde
Or who shulde be mery or iocounde
I gaynū his wyl that lyeth in chaynes bounde
What auayleth a Lyon to be a kynge

To be thyt bp in a towre of stone
Or an Eagle vnder strepte keepnge
Called kynge of foules euerythone
I fe on lordship, whan lybette is gone
Answer hereto, and let it not astarte
Who syngeth merely, & syngeth not at the herte

But and thou wylt reioyce of my synngnge
Suffre me to go free from all daunger
And euery day in the greue moornyng
I wyl repayze vnto the launcere
And merely synge with lusty note clere
Vnder thy chamber, or a fore thyne hall
Euery season, whan thou lyst me to call.

To be thyt bp and pyuned vnder dze
Nothyng accoꝛdeth to my nature
Thoughe I were fedd with mylke & wastell brede
And swete curdes brought to my pasture
yet had I leue to do my busy cure
Erly on the morow to scrape in the wall
To fynde my dyner, amonge the woymes small.

The labourer is gladder at the ploughe
Erly on morowe to fede hym with bacon
Than some man is, that hath treasour ynoughe
And of all deinties plente and foyson
And no fredome with his possession
To go at large, but as a bere at a stake
To passe his bondes yf he leue take.

Take

Take this answer for a mozte conclusyon
to synge in pryson thou shalt me nat condempne
Till I haue freedom in wodes by and downe
to flye at large, on boughes rough and playne
And of reason thou shuldest not disdayne
Of my desyre, but laughe and haue good game
But he is a churle, wolde eche man were the same

Well quod the churle, syth it wyl nat be
That I desyre as by thi talkynge
Haugry thi wyl, thou shalt chose one of thye
within a cage merely to synge
Or to the kechyn I shall thy body bynge
Plucke thy fethers, that ben bypght and clere
And after roste or bake the to my soper

Well quod the byrde, as to reason I say not nay
thouchynge my songe, a full answer thou hast
And whan my fethers ben plucked away
Yf I be roste and baken in past
On me thou shalt haue but a small repaste
But and yf thou wylte worke after my counsaile
By me mayst thou haue great auayle

Yf thou wylte vnto my reason assent
And suffre me to go fre from pryson
without raunsom, or any othe rent
I shall the gyue a notable guerdon
Thye great wysdom, accordynge to reason
More of value, take hede what I profite

Chan

Than all thy golde that is wyte in thy cofre

Trust me well, I wyll the nat disceyue
well quod the churle, tell on let se
Nay quod the byrde, thou must afore conceyue
who that shall teche of reason must go fre
It setteth, a mayster to haue his lybertye
And at large to teche his lesson
Haue me not in suspecte I meane no treason

well quod the churle I holde me content
I trust thy promyse which thou makest me
The byrde flew forth, the churle was of assent
And toke her flight, vnto the laurer tre
than thought we, now stand I fre
with no panter's I call nat a l my lyfe
Nor with lyme twygges, any more to stryue.

He is a fole that scaped is daugere
Broken his fetters, and fled out of pylson
To resorte, for the bent chylde dyedeth fyre
Eche man beware of wysdome and reason
Of sugre strewed, whiche hydeth false popson
There is no popson benim so peryll⁹ of sharpenesse
As is, whan it hathe of repaile a lykenesse

Who dyedeth no peryll, in peryll he shall fall
Smothe waters ben oftentymes depe
The quaple pype can most falsly call
till the quaple vnder the net doth crepe
A blereyed fouler, trust not though he wepe

Within

3
Esche we his tombe, of wepyng take no hede
That symple byrdes can nype by the hede.

And I that nobe such daungere am escaped
I wyll beware, and afoze prouyde
That of no souler I wyll no more betaked
From their lyne twygges, I wyll flee fer a syde
where payll is, great payll is to abyde
Come nere thou churle, herken to my speche
Of thre wysdomes that I wyll the teche

Gyue nat of wysdome to hasty credence
To every tale of eche tydyng
But consydre of reason and prudence
Amonge many tales, is many a great lesyng
Hasty credence, hath caused great hynderyng
Reporte of tales & tydynges brought bp newe
Caused many a man, to beholde vntrewe

For one parte take this of my raunson
Lerne the seconde, grounded on scripture
Despyre thou nat by no condycion
chynge, which is impossible to recure
wozldly despyre stande in auenture
As who despyeth, to clymbye on losse
By iodeyne turne, he falleth vnsofte

the thyrde is this beware both eyn and inoꝝwe
forget it nat, but lerne this of me
For treasour lost, make neuer to great soꝝwe

B. i.

which

which in no wyse, may recovered be
For who so taketh sorow, for loue of any degre
Reken his loue and after his payne
And of one sorowe, he maketh sorowes twayne

After this lesson, the byrde began a songe
Of her escape greatly reioysynge
And she remembred also the great wronge
Done by the churle, firste at her takynge
Of her ascar, and her emprysoninge
Glad that she was out of drede
Said vnto hym, houerynge aboue his hede

Thou were quod she a naturall sole
To suffre me departe of lewdenesse
thou ought to complayne and make dole
And in thy herte to haue great heupnesse
That thou lott so paynynge great synnesse
Which myght suffice by value in rekenynge
To pay the raunson, of a myghty kynge

There is a stone which is called a Jacounte
Of golde engendred in myn entraille
Which of fyne golde, passeth a great ounce
Euyne of colour lyke a granet of entayle
Which maketh men bytopyngs in batayle
And who so euer bereth on him this stone
Is fully assured agaynst his mortall fone.

who that hath this stone in possysson

Shall.

Shall suffice no povertye ne no indygence
But of all treasour, have plente and fyllon
And every man shall do him reuerence
And none enemy shall do to hym offence
But fro thy handes, now that I am gone
Blayne yt thou wilt, for thy part is none

It causeth loue, and maketh men gracious
And favourable in every mannes lyght
It maketh acord, betwene men Enuyous
It comforteth sorowfull, it maketh heuy hertes lyght
Lyke to payson in colour shyneth bryght
I am a sole to tell all at ones
Or to teche a churle, & pzyous stones

Wher shulde nat put a pzyous margaryte
As rubyes sapphyres, and other stones Inde
Emeraudes, nor rounde perles white
More rude swyne that loue draffe of kynde
For a sowe delyteth as I synde
More in foule draffe her pygges for to glade
Than in all the pry, that cometh of garnerd

Eche thyng draweth to his semblable
Fysh in the see, bestes on the grounde
The apye for foules is moost comendable
And to the ploughe man to tyl the lande
And a churle to haue a mukforke in hande
I lese my tyme, any more to tary
Or to teche a churle of the lapydary

B.ii.

That

That thou haddest, thou gettest no more a geyne
thy lymet bygges and thy panter's I desyre
To let me go, thou wolle soule oute sene
to lese thy rycheffe, only of folp
I am now fre to synge and to fle
where that my lyfte, he is a sole at all
that goeth at large, and maketh hymselfe a thral

To here of wysdome thyn eares ben dese
Lyke to an ayle, that lystneth to an harpe
Thou mayst go rype, in a yue lefe
For better it is to synge on thoznes warpe
than in a cage, with a churle to carpe
For it was sayd of folkes longe ago
that a churles byrde, is often wo be gone

The churle felt his hert atwayne
for very sorow, and a sonder ryue
Alas quod he, I may well wepe and playne
As a wretch neuer lyke to thyue
But to mourne in pouertye all my lyue
For of folp, and of wyfulnesse
I haue lost boyle all my rycheffe.
I was a lorde I cryed out on fortune
And had great treasour late in my keepynge
which myght haue made me longe to contynue
with that sene to haue lyued lyke a kynge
O yf that I had set it in a rynge
Bozne it vpon me, I haue good ynoughe
We neded no more, to haue gone to the ploughe
to han

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Whan the byrde harde the churle thus mourne
And how that he was heuy of his chere
She toke her flight, and gan agayne retorne
toward hym and sayd as ye shall here
[O thou dull churle wysdom for to lere
that I the taught, all is leste behynde
Raced away and cleue out of thy mynde

Caught I thenat this wysdome in sentence
To eury tale brought bp of newe
Nat to hastely to geue credence
Unto the tyme, thou knowe that it be true
All is nat golde, that sheweth golde by the hewe
Nor stones all, by nature as I fynde
Be nat saphyres, that shewe colour ynde

In this doctryne I hadde lost my labour
To teche the such prouerbes of substance
Here mayst thou se, thy lewde blynde errour
For all my body pesyd in a balaunce
Weyeth nat an ounce, rude is thy remembraunce
I to haue more peple closed in myne entrayle
Than all my body, set to the conterfayle

All my body weyeth not an vnce
How myght I than haue in me a stone
That peseth more than doth a great Jacoune
thy bryne is dull, thy wyte is almoste gone
Of thre wysdomes thou hast forgotten one
For thou shuldest not after my sentence

To

To every tale, give to hasty credence.

**I bade also beware, both eyn and moꝛowe
For thyng lost, by soden aventure
thou sholdest not make to moche soꝛowe
whan thou seest, thou mayst it nat recure
And there thou sayest that thou dost thy busy cure
In thy snare to catche me agayne
Thou art a sole, thy labour is in bayne.**

**In the thyꝛde, thou dost also rave
For I bade, thou sholdest in no wyse
Couste thyng, which thou mayst nat haue
In whiche thou hast soꝛ gotten myn empꝛyse
Thus I may say, playnly to deuyse
that thou hast of madnesse soꝛ gotten all thye
Notable wysdomes, that I taught the**

**It were folp, moze with the to carpe
Or pꝛeche of wysdome moze or lasse
I holde hym mad, that byngeth foꝛthe an harpe
Theron to teche a rude dull asse
And madder is he, that syngeth to a sole a masse
And he is most mad, that doth his busynesse
To teche a churle, termes of gentylnesse.**

**And semblably, in Aprill and in May
whan gentyll byꝛdes make most melody
The cuckow syngeth but on laye
Of other tunes he hath no fantasy**

Thus

Thus every thyng, as booke specifies
As foules and beestes of every age.

From whens they came they take talage
The Wintener treateth of his holsome wynges
Of gentyll frutes boisteth the Gardener
The fisher casteth his hokes and his lynges
to catche fysh, in every fresh ryuer
Of tyllage of lande, treateth the Labourer
the Gentyllman, treateth of gentyll
And the Churle delyteth him all in rybandry.

All one to thet, a fawson as a kye
As good an Owle as a Hopingay
A donghyll ducke, as darynt as a Shylle
Who seeth a churle, hath many a carefull daye
A due spy Churle, fare well I saye my way
For I cast me never hensfoted in my lykynge
I fore a churle, any moze to synge.

Ye folke that shall this fable se or rede
Newe forged tales I counseyle you to le
For losse of gooddes, take never so great hede
Nor be nat soz for none aduersyte
Nor couere thyng, that may not reconred be
And remembre where ever ye gone
That a churles byrde, is ever wo begonne
Unto my purpose, this proued is fully true
Rede and repozte by olde remembraunce
That a churles byrde and a knaves wyse

Haue

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Have oftentymes, great sorow and my chauce
And who that hath freedom, hath all suffaunce
For better is freedom, with lytel in gladnesse
Than to be thral, with all worldly rycheesse

So I tell quere, and recomende me
Unto my mayster, with humble affection
Beseeche hym lowly of mercy and pte
Of this rude makynge, to take compassyon
And as touchynge the translation
Out of frenche, how it englisshed be
All thynge is sayd vnder correction
With suppositacyon, of your benygnyte.

f. I A I S.

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